

O. A. De GOLYER GARFIELD.

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There is na luck about the House," or "Bonny Blue Flag."]
right August 10th, 1880, by John R. Cann, Gloucester City, N. J.

every guise at noonday stalks abroad,
Receipts of the wise are covered up by fraud; 1234.
Our servants have, for twenty years, all principle belied,
And now they're shedding many tears, because they have to slide.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah!! we have to sing and shout,
For Workingmen will once again, kick all these rascals out.

With ignorance and public theft, hypocrisy and sin,
There's little of enjoyment left for those who "toil and spin;"
And yet our natural enemies, are taxing every man,
To put Oakes Ames De Garfield into Office if they can.

Oakes Ames De Golyer Garfield was a handsome little son,
His Granny said he'd surely win, that Chair at Washington;
But alas! for Granny's prophesy, for she was nearly blind,
And Ames De Golyer Garfield is a little queer in mind.

Oakes Ames De Golyer Garfield is a brilliant financier,
He figured on that *Pavement* and the *Credit Mobilier*—
But the Firm got into trouble, cause they didn't eat their bread
With *Addition* and *Division*, and the *Silence* of the dead.

But when this Loyal Congressman was summoned into Court,
He only laughed within his sleeve—to him it was but sport;
For well he knew, how much to own about that dirty job,
He swore it was a private loan—he did, so help me Bob.

That oath has made him feeble, and the Doctors are afraid
He'll have to drop his Whiskey straight, and take to lemonade;
And even then, his diet must be "*Doctor Tanner's*" fare,
Until he stops his whining for that Presidential Chair.

These Ames De Golyer Garfield men are bursting with renown,
Their Policy has always been to suit the British Crown;
But not until the last few years have they come out so bold,
In stealing miles of Public Land and tons of solid Gold.

We'll save the remnant they have left, and then commence anew,
For by their Legislation we have nothing else to do;
But Workingmen have learned at last, just how the thing is done,
And will give them Rip Van Winkle for an hundred years to come.

We have no use for Royalty, nor yet for Tyrant's heel,
We want no Gen. Robeson's, our Navy Yards to steal;
But do not lose your patience when you contemplate the foe,
For they harassed Gen. Washington an hundred years ago.

The Hancock name has sent a shock, to many a Monarch's ear,
It strikes them like a solid rock, and swells them up with fear;
For when to sign our Nation's Scroll, endangered all their necks,
John Hancock said John Bull could read that name without his specks.

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